nwp
821
N182

For the Crowning of the King

JUNE 26th, 1902

AN ODE

BY

.... T. R. E. McINNES ....

Nwp
821
M152

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY
& ARCHIVES
VICTORIA B.C.
SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU.
Northwest Collection

For the Crowning of the King.

AN ODE.

I.

Ye sovran Stars! that in the deep
Of endless Night your courses keep,
    'Twas said of old
    That ye do hold
A mystic rein o'er human destinies!
That from the vast, exultant sweep
    Of your Eonian harmonies,
    Fateful thro' ethereal seas
      Enrythym'd cycles flow,
    Whose subtle volume sways
    The tide of nether days
      Forever 'tween the goals of weal and woe!
I am not vers'd in Magian mysteries,
    Nor dim, Chaldean lore—
Arcturus and the pallid Pleiades
I see as any peasant sees,
    Jewelling Heaven's floor—
Yet on the coronation morn
  Of him who is our ruler now,
  With simple heart would I implore
  That only sweetest influences
From out the skies be borne!*

* "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"—*Job.*

160060

O may no orb of red disaster fling
Malefic rays to mar a monarch's brow!
Shine out! Shine out, ye Stars of joy, and bring
A benison of peace upon the crowning of our King!

II.

Rise golden for the glorious day,
O golden Sun!
Blow, ye Winds! and waft away
What clouds in envious array
Would frown upon a reign so well begun!
O shining One!
This day thy rounded skies shall ring
With sound of Britons gathering,—
And every Zone shall hear them sing
God save the King!

III.

No despot on a guarded throne
Will Britons own!
No crafty council of the chosen few,
Such as the old Republics knew,
Such as made proud Venice groan,
Shall o'er us lo
Our long-descended liberty!
No oligarchy, rich with spoil
Of others' wealth and others' toil,
Nor yet the whim of mere majority,
That substitution for old tyranny,
However it be term'd,

Shall wrest from us what Magna Charta gave,
And our first Edward's hand and seal confirm'd!
Behold! Around the World the royal standards wave!
And yet in all our scatter'd States
The humblest Briton—nay,
The lowliest stranger that's within our Gates,
In open day
May say the thing that he would say,
And work and worship without let in his own chosen way!

IV.

Outcast,
Forgotten tribes, in ages past,
As by some direful tempest toss'd,
Were scatter'd wide, and long 'mid alien nations lost.
By plagues cut off, by foes harass'd,
Yet thro' all change of time and place,
While kingdoms rose, and kingdoms fell,
And mighty empires moulder'd to decay,
In all those tribes a saving trace
Of pride and faith invincible
Bespoke the instinct of a chosen race.
At last
There came a day
As if a dim-remember'd Voice were calling them away.
Then in the weakest exile's breast
'Gan burn a fever of unrest,—
March on! March on! went up the cry
As every morn they struck their tents
To journey with the Sun and seek the West,—

They knew not why ;
But thus did their wandering recommence,
Inspir'd by one o'ershadowing Influence!
From tracts where still the savage Tartar roves,
Beyond where Caspian's bitter waters spread,
From regions of the old Egyptian dead,
Or thro' Iberian orange-groves ;—
On Northern seas, or lost among
Germanic forests' dark defiles,
Of varied creed and divers tongue,
All unwitting, tribe by tribe were led
Thro' legendary years to their predestin'd Isles.
Let History tell
What things thereafter in those Isles befell!
Isolate by wrathful seas,
How clan and tribe together fought
With eager rage thro' iron centuries!
How still they wrought
Their rugged characters to a rough ideal
Of equity and courage! How from it all
Some inkling of their destiny,
And their essential unity,
Did weld them into loyal peace at last!
How slowly as the years went past,
And still with vague intent,
The corner-stone of empire square was laid
By scholar's pen, by warrior's blade,
By wisdom of free Parliament,—
By noble deed of every class,
With steadfastness of that God-fearing mass

Whose names no records now recall,—
Freemen all!
Whether they dwelt in plowman's hut or gray baronial hall.
Then, fired once more with the will to roam,
The younger sons forsook their Island home;
They set their sails for every breeze,
Their gallant vessels cut the foam
Of unfamiliar seas,
Till every port their daring ensigns knew,
And traffic'd or fought on every coast some roving British crew.
No need to tell
How now they dwell
In every zone invincible!
How 'tis their boast around the World,
Where'er their banners are unfurl'd,
Essential as the very breath they draw,
To 'stablish fast from age to age
The Briton's glorious heritage,
The deep instinct of Liberty—the vigor of the Law!

V.

Way for the King!
Down Westminster's glorious aisle
With blare of trumpets, roll of drums,
And sound of organs thundering,
On the royal pageant comes
In stately ancient order, while
All the pride of three old Kingdoms
Follows after—wondering!

O splendid Hour!
See knights and dames of cherished Chivalry,
With ermine deckt, with plumes atoss,
And coronets ablaze,
And every quaint device that Heraldry
Can broider or emboss,
To bring again a dream of Gothic days,
In right of old assurance standing forth!
But, eloquent of vaster power,
See notable 'mid these,
The chieftains of the Empire over Seas!
Here from the white Dominion of the North,
And there from late-embattl'd Africa!
Here the gallants of the Southern Cross,
With those that rule in jewell'd India!
See them thronging, hushed and dense,
Between the storied walls from whence
The marble images of men look down
Who wrought the Empire's eminence!
Hail to thee, Edward! Kneel for the crown
Worn by the Mother-Queen, whose pure renown
Won every nation's reverence!
Hail to thee, Edward! Mount the throne!
That venerable chair
Whose carven oak, so legends old declare,
Enshrines the very stone
That pillow'd Jacob's head, when far alone
On Bethel plain his dreaming eyes
Beheld a shining ladder rise
In glorious portent to the skies.

Treasur'd long thro' patriarchal days,
As pledge of grandeur yet in store,
That stone was borne by devious ways
At last to Erin's shore;
And thus safe-kept thro' all its wanderings,
Lo! Ireland's, Scotland's, England's kings,
And kings that be all three,
Thereon in long ascendant line shew forth that dream and prophecy!

VI.

Keen be thy sword, O King!
Sternly thy peace maintain!
That he who sails the wave, and he who tills the soil,
And all who win their bread by honest toil,
May fear no foeman's ravening
Thro' all thy wide domain!
Far off from us be that most fatal hour
When guardian hands grow lax from long unchallenge'd power!
For man hath still a wolfish mind,
Ensway'd of greed and lust;
And still o'er all the Earth we find
No nation weaponless may trust
The justice of mankind.
Keen be thy sword, O King!
Then Faith, secure from bigot's rage, shall flower
In every form that listeth her, and Art,
O'er seven seas awakening,
From her ethereal treasury shall dower

Thy throne with gifts of new and golden fashioning !
Untrammel'd Science, on her endless quest,
Shall march beneath thy standard's shadowing,
Shall add to life unwonted zest,
And wizard powers now all unguess'd
To man impart !
O King !
Whate'er we did in days of yore,
Our greatest work lies yet before !
Be thine to keep the Empire's heart
Sound at the core !

VII.

So shall we sing
God save the King !
God guard his realms wide !
For him be happy years in store
With that sweet Consort by his side,
Whose beauty Time hath lingered o'er—
But courteous left untried !
O'ershadow them in all their ways,
And still, O God, if parlous days
Should come beyond the ken
Of King and Prince and Councillors,
And all the Empire's Senators,
As in time past be Thou again
Our trusted Guide !
And on us all be blessings multiplied
E'en as Thou wilt ! Amen !

EVANS & HASTINGS,
PRINTERS
VANCOUVER, B. C